

ACCOUNT OF THE CELEBRATION OF THE FOURTH OF

JULY, 1881 AT MASON'S POINT, LAKE

BOMOSEEN

CURRIER

M. L.

Gc
974.301
R93cu
1770200

REYNOLDS HISTORICAL
GENEALOGY COLLECTION

✓

ALLEN COUNTY PUBLIC LIBRARY



3 1833 01092 5276



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2015

AN ACCOUNT OF THE
CELEBRATION OF THE FOURTH OF JULY, 1881,

AT

MASON'S POINT, LAKE BOMOSEEN,

*Under the Auspices of the Citizens of Rutland
County, and the Rutland County His-
torical Society, conjointly; includ-
ing the Report of the Ceremony
of Christening the Island of*

NESHOBIE.

COMPILED BY
JOHN M. CURRIER, M. D.,
OF CASTLETON, VERMONT,

Secretary of the Rutland County Historical Society; Member
of the Vermont Historical Society; Life Member of the
New Hampshire Antiquarian Society; Member of the
New England Historic-Genealogical Society; also
a Member of the American Association for
the Advancement of Science; and others.

PUBLISHED UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE
RUTLAND COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

4th of July
AN ACCOUNT OF THE
CELEBRATION OF THE FOURTH OF JULY, 1881,

AT

MASON'S POINT, LAKE BOMOSEEN, VT.

*Under the Auspices of the Citizens of Rutland
County, and the Rutland County His-
torical Society, conjointly; includ-
ing the Report of the Ceremony
of Christening the Island of*

N E S H O B E .

COMPILED BY

JOHN M. CURRIER, M. D.,

OF CASTLETON, VERMONT,

Secretary of the Rutland County Historical Society; Member
of the Vermont Historical Society; Life Member of the
New Hampshire Antiquarian Society; Member of the
New England Historic-Genealogical Society; also
a Member of the American Association for
the Advancement of Science, and others.

PUBLISHED UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE

RUTLAND COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

1770200.

F
84306
.2

CURRIER, JOHN McNAB, 1832- comp.

An account of the celebration of the Fourth of July, 1881, at Mason's Point, Lake Bomoseen, under the auspices of the citizens of Rutland county, and the Rutland county historical society, conjointly; including the report of the ceremony of christening the island of Neshobe...

[Castleton?Vt.] Pub. under the auspices of the
SHELF CARD Rutland county historical society[1881]

49p.

770200

770200

015177

PREFACE.

The report of the proceedings of the celebration at Mason's Point, Lake Bomoseen, July 4th, 1881, was prepared for publication in pamphlet form at the earnest request of many who participated in the exercises and festivities of that occasion. Some memorial of that historic day seemed desirable, especially of so important an event as christening the enchanted Island of *Neshobe*.

Long will this name cling to that beautiful spot, after those who celebrated that eventful day shall be forgotten. It is due, then, to posterity that we record that day's proceedings. At the same time let us record, irrespective of political party feeling, the gloom that overshadowed that day's proceedings, in consequence of the assassination of the President of the United States—James A. Garfield.

J. M. C.

Castleton, Vt., Aug. 25th, 1881.

Celebration of the Fourth of July, 1881.

The celebration of the Fourth of July 1881, on Mason's Point, at Lake Bomoseen, was a grand affair. It was estimated by competent judges that over fifteen thousand people were present during all parts of the day to witness the exercises and participate in the festivities of the occasion.

The weather was fair and comfortable in the forenoon, with just clouds enough to obscure the sun and allow the exercises to be conducted in the open air, on that beautiful rocky eminence, without artificial protection from the scorching rays, usual at that season of the year. About noon the clouds broke away, and there was bright sunshine the remainder of the afternoon; the cooling breezes from the lake were exhilarating; and the rains of the previous day had cleared the atmosphere from all impurities, and a more genial day was never experienced.

Great preparations had been made by the several committees, to provide for the comforts of the crowds of people who were expected to be present, and to make everything as pleasant as possible for them, throughout the day. Too much credit cannot be bestowed upon the Executive Committee for the admirable arrangements by which the exercises of the day were carried out, and for the good order that was observed everywhere along the shores of the lake. Special police had been provided and stationed at various points, who discharged their duties with fidelity.

The Lake Bomoseen Transportation Company had a barge built especially for the occasion, sufficiently large to carry three hundred passengers at a load, which was towed by the steamer Naomi, from Hydeville to Mason's Point eight times during the day, to accommodate those who arrived on the railroad trains.

The celebration was under the combined auspices, of the Rutland County Historical Society, and the citizens of those towns lying in the immediate vicinity of Lake Bomoseen. One prominent feature of the celebration, was the christening of the beautiful Island lying to the westward of Mason's Point, and was especially under the charge of the Historical Society. Several meetings of the citizens had been held in the towns of Castleton and Fair Haven, to perfect plans for the celebration, and make arrangements for the same. The following organization was perfected:

Officers of the Citizens.

President of the Day—Hon. J. B. BROMLEY of Castleton.

Vice-Presidents—Moseley King and L. Howard Kellogg of Benson; Dr. A. T. Woodward and E. J. Ormsbee of Brandon; D. D. Cole and Hon. C. S. Rumsey of Castleton; Bradley Fish of Ira; Ira C. Allen and Z. C. Ellis of Fair Haven; H. L. Lathrop and R. R. Drake of Pittsford; H. E. Armstrong and C. A. Rann of Poultney; Hon. L. W. Reddington and A. H. Tuttle of Rutland; Rev. J. K. Williams and J. E. Manley of West Rutland; M. M. Dikeman and Cyrus Jennings of Hubbardton; R. C. Abell and R. C. Hitchcock of West Haven; and Hon. Ralph Richards of Hampton, N. Y.

Secretary—John M. Currier of Castleton.

Treasurer—M. D. Cole of Castleton.

Executive Committee—L. Howard Billings of Hydeville; T. S. Sherman and C. S. Proctor of Castleton; and Frank W. Redfield and Walter E. Howard of Fair Haven.

Marshal of the Day—Hon. John G. Pitkin of Fair Haven.

Assistant Marshals—H. C. Rann of Poultney; A. L. Hill of Hubbardton; and E. H. Armstrong of Castleton.

Reader of the Declaration of Independence—L. B. Clogston, Esq., of Fair Haven.

Commander of the Battery—L. Clogston of Fair Haven.

Music—The Cornet Band of West Rutland and the Castleton Cornet Band.

Special Organization of the Rutland County Historical Society.

Several special meetings of the Rutland County Historical Society were held at the Bomoseen House in Castleton in the month of June, for the purpose of perfecting arrangements with the citizens' organization for celebrating Independence Day at Lake Bomoseen. The following special organization was made :

Chairman of the Historical Exercises—Hon. Henry Clark of Rutland.

Executive Committee—John M. Currier of Castleton; A. N. Adams of Fair Haven, and Hon. Henry Hall of Rutland.

Forenoon.

Opening Exercises—At eleven o'clock Hon. J. B. Bromley announced that the hour had arrived for the commencement of the exercises of the day. He spoke feelingly of the sadness and gloom spread over the nation by the attempted assassination of the President of the United States, and stated that the latest dispatches contained the cheering news of his improved condition and prospective recovery; which was followed by a manifest and unanimous expression of thankfulness from the spectators. Music was rendered by the combined bands; prayer was offered by the Rev. Edward T. Hooker of Castleton.

The president then introduced the Hon. Henry Clark of Rutland who took charge of the historical exercises, and made the following address :

One hundred and five years ago this morning there rang out upon the air—the glad chorus of patriotic hearts—that a nation had been established, and from that day to this the voice of the morning has proclaimed the glad anthem of freedom and liberty. But there comes to us this morning a moan of sorrow. We meet therefore to commemorate in the spirit of a somewhat more somber joy than rings in the noisy jubilee of the street, but notwithstanding it remains a day especially consecrated to American liberty and American independence. The true character of that liberty is to be sought in the events of our colonial history, in the manners and laws of our colonial forefathers, and above all in the stern, brief epitome of our whole colonial life contained in that memorable declaration, the maxims of whose sturdy wisdom still sound in our ears, and linger in our hearts; a

declaration, peculiar among all others of its kind, not only for the fearless free spirit which beats and burns beneath every decisive sentence, but from its combination of clearness in statement of particular grievances, but with audacity in the announcement of general principles; a declaration indeed, one abounding in sentiments of liberty so sinewy and bold, and ideas, of liberty so exact and practical, that it bears on every immortal feature the signs of representing a people to whom liberty had been long familiar as a living law, as an organized institution as a homely household fact. The peculiarities which distinguish the whole substance and tone of this solemn instrument, are peculiarities of the American revolution itself, giving dignity to its events and import to its principles, as they gave success to its arms.

As the salutations of the morning never weary us by their daily recurrence amid the ties of domestic life, so the annual return of this day, while we are true in more extended relations, can never fail to waken associations that move the heart to national sympathy.

But to-day, there comes a pause—the hand of an assassin has again struck at the nation and the voice of revelry is hushed, yet patriotic hearts, while mourning is in the land. Mingled with all this there is the fearful impression in each heart—that all is not well, that the black syren of all, has lodgment in the hearts of vaunting American citizens, that headstrong ambition has created a foul under-current that has led to the assassination of the President, and that American citizens are responsible for this—most wicked of all political deeds.

Vermont expected to make a glad welcome to the President, this week—but now mourning covers the pathway he would have trod. Our Governor instead of greeting sends on the wings of the wind the regrets of the commonwealth at the sad event.

Mr. Clark proceeded to state the purposes of the celebration and the objects of the Historical Society, commending them to the favorable patronage and aid by the people of Rutland County.

We stand on historic ground within ear shot of one of the battlefields of the Revolution—and let that echo to us from the past—be impressed upon us at this hour, and let us proceed diligently to gather up the materials of our local history.

The address of welcome was delivered by the Hon. L. W. Reddington of Rutland, as follows:

*Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:—*This is the anniversary of our nation's birth. A little over a century ago, Thomas Jefferson promulgated the Declaration of Independence and this nation was crystallized into being. And it is fitting the American people should ever maintain undiminished and unrestricted the ceremonies pertaining to the celebration of this day from which evolved the everlasting creed of liberty, and the prerogative of good government for mankind.

Through this annual celebration, patriotism is preserved—our race ele-

vated, and a love and respect for our laws engendered, by the periodic universal, commemoration of this historic day, the fundamental principles of our constitution are kept ever before us, impressing us with the necessity of a constant guardianship over the privileges thus bequeathed us by our ancestors; for so long as humanity has aspirations, vaulting ambition, and the thirst for power, *liberty* will only be preserved by unceasing vigils, and untiring zeal.

And although the heart of the American people is at this present moment, immersed in sorrow over the dreadful tragedy of last Saturday, (referring to the shooting of President Garfield July 2nd,) which has almost deprived a loving domestic circle of a father, a host of admiring friends of an associate, and a great Nation of our Executive; still the hand which has wielded the destinies of this country hitherto, will preserve us in the future; and while individualities must cease to exist, and mankind fade away as the leaves of the forest, still our duties to the Church, Family and State, survive.

A few weeks since, the Rutland County Historical Society, decided to make this occasion more interesting by the addition of two most appropriate and commendable ceremonies, to-wit:—by providing a feast for the society and its guests, and by conferring a more euphonious name, on what has heretofore, in tradition, borne the somewhat alluring sobriquet of "Chowder Island." Hence, here we are, assembled in execution of the program as thus provided by the society. And unto me has been assigned the pleasant duty of extending in behalf of the proprietor of this soil, and of those interested in the Island, a cordial welcome to the Rutland County Historical Society, and to the futherance of the designs as heretofore enumerated.

And gentlemen of the Society, the privileges thus tendered may you accept and enjoy; and your ministrations here to-day, may we as citizens of Rutland County, ever hold in appreciative remembrance.

Dr. James Sanford of Castleton, was next introduced and made the following response to the address of welcome:

Mr. President:—With a due sense of the honor conferred upon me, I make reply to the gentleman last up.

SIR:—We, the members of the Rutland County Historical Society, thank you and those whom you so ably represent for this kindly welcome to these pleasant grounds, and for all the privileges this day granted us.

As a Society we are ever in search of the ancient, the beautiful and the true.

When we come in contact with an object so ancient, an object having an origin so far back in the dim distance that all the truth pertaining to it cannot be obtained by exact science, then, sir, we sometimes give the imagination slight play, as I shall do at this time.

The *object* I now refer to is the Island near us, which we are this day permitted to christen.

As Venus was born of the sea, so likewise hereabouts, in days primeval, the crystal waves were parted and up rose this oval piece of earth, in time outrivaling in beauty that very goddess herself.

From its birth it was greeted with the smile of the gods. For ages and ages this was their favorite resort. Even Jupiter was accustomed to lay aside his thunderbolts upon Mount Olympus, Vulcan would leave his forge, Apollo his harp, Mars his spear and shield, and Neptune his trident, that together they might recline upon the velvet-moss-lined banks of this Island and watch delighted the Nymphs, the Naiads and the Graces as they sported in the surrounding waters.

Again, century after century while the so-called aborigines roved in these wilds, during the bright day of summer, many a fair Indian maiden might be seen silently gliding over these waters to meet her lover upon this Island. For, if legends tell aright, love here plighted never faded :

And vows here spoken
Were never broken.

And now, gathered here upon the shore of this enchanting Lake, with this same Island in view, we feel that the human heart is not yet dead to the poetry and romance of life. Of late, this Island has been mainly designated by the very lengthy cognomen of "The Island upon Lake Bomoseen."

To find for it a fitting and a lasting name, mere individual effort never has and never will succeed. Nothing short of a combination of talent such as we bring to bear at this time can ever accomplish this grand object.

So, if to-day in our united endeavor we can fix upon a *name* that will harmonize with the transcendent beauty of this gem that has so long rested upon the bosom of this Fairy Lake—a *name* that will please the gods of the olden times—a *name* that will fall like the music of far off waters on the ears of that injured red race now fading out in the distance—a *name* that shall be pleasing to the whole of Vermont and a part of York State, and above all, a *name* that will please the real maker of all things—then we shall have accomplished one of the greatest achievements of the age.

I close, sir, by again thanking you for this hearty welcome and the high trust accorded us.

The history of the Island was given by Dr. John Currier of Castleton, as follows :

The section of country around Lake Bomoseen was an unbroken wilderness up to 1767, when Cols Amos Bird and Noah Lee attended by a colored man, made their first trip to Castleton with a view of settling the town. This region was constantly exposed to the depredations of French and Indians up to the conquest of Canada by the English in 1760, making permanent settlement unsafe.

On Sept. 22nd, 1761, the town of Castleton was chartered by Benning Wentworth, Esq., Governor of the Province of New Hampshire, to 70 grantees ; most of whom lived in Salisbury, Conn. ; and few of whom

ever settled in Castleton. The following is a copy of the charter as furnished from the New Hampshire Records at Concord, by the Secretary of State, Hon. Isaac W. Hammond, June 11, 1881 :

* * * * *
* P. S. *
* * * * *

PROVINCE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

GEORGE THE THIRD.

By the Grace of God, of Great Britain, France and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith, &c.

To all Persons to whom these Presents shall come Greeting.

KNOW YE, That we of our special grace, certain knowledge, and mere motion, for the due encouragement of settling a new plantation within our said Province, by and with the advice of our trusty and well beloved Benning Wentworth, Esq., our Governor and Commander-in-Chief of our said Province of New Hampshire, in New England, and of our Council of the said Province; have upon the conditions and reservations hereinafter made, given and granted, and by these Presents, for us, our heirs and successors, do give and grant in equal shares, unto our loving subjects, inhabitants of our said Province of New Hampshire, and our other governments, and to their heirs and assigns forever, whose names are entered on this grant, to be divided to and amongst them into seventy equal shares, all that tract or parcel of land situate, lying and being within our said Province of New Hampshire, containing by admeasurement twenty-three thousand and forty acres, which tract is to contain six miles square, and no more; out of which an allowance is to be made for highways and unimprovable lands by rocks, ponds, mountains and rivers, one thousand and forty acres free according to a plan and survey thereof, made by our said Governor's order, and returned into the Secretary's office, and hereunto annexed, butted and bounded as follows, viz: Beginning at the northwest corner of Poultney and from thence running due north six miles, then turning off at right angles and running due east six miles then turning off at right angles again and running due south six miles to the northeast corner of Poultney aforesaid, thence running due west by Poultney six miles to the northwest corner thereof being the Bounds begun at. And that the same be, and hereby is incorporated into a township by the name of Castleton, and the inhabitants that do or shall hereafter inhabit the said township, are hereby declared to be enfranchised with and entitled to all and every the privileges and immunities that other towns within our Province by law exercise and enjoy: And further, that the said town as soon as there shall be fifty families resident and settled thereon, shall have the liberty of holding two Fairs, one of which shall be held on the——and the other on the——annually, which Fairs are not to continue longer than the respective——following the said——and that as soon as the said town shall consist of fifty families, a market may be opened and kept one or more days in each week, as may be thought most advantageous to the inhabitants. Also, that the

first meeting for the choice of town officers, agreeable to the laws of our said Province, shall be held on the third Tuesday in October next, which said meeting shall be notified by Mr. Samuel Brown who is hereby also appointed the Moderator of the said first meeting, which he is to notify and govern agreeable to the laws and customs of our said Province; and that the annual meeting forever hereafter for the choice of such officers for the said town, shall be on the *Second Tuesday* of March, annually, to have and to hold the said tract of land as above expressed, together with all privileges and appurtenances, to them and their respective heirs and assigns forever upon the following conditions, viz:

I. That every grantee, his heirs and assigns shall plant and cultivate five acres of land within the term of five years for every fifty acres contained in his or their share proportion of land in said township, and continue to improve and settle the same by additional cultivations, on penalty of the forfeiture of his grant or share in the said township, and of its reverting to us, our heirs and successors, to be by us or them regranted to such of our subjects as shall effectually settle and cultivate the same.

II. That all white and other pine trees within the said township, fit for Masting our Royal Navy, be carefully preserved for that use, and none to be cut or felled without our special license for so doing first had and obtained, upon the penalty and forfeiture of the right of such grantee, his heirs and assigns, to us, our heirs and successors, as well as being subject to the penalty of any act or acts of Parliament that now are, or hereafter shall be enacted.

III. That before any division of the land be made to and among the grantees, a tract of land as near the centre of the said township as the land will admit of shall be reserved and marked out for the town lots, one of which shall be allotted to each grantee of the contents of one acre.

IV. Yielding and paying therefor to us, our heirs and successors for the space of ten years, to be computed from the date hereof, the rent of one ear of Indian corn only, on the twenty-fifth day of December annually, if lawfully demanded, the first payment to be made on the twenty-fifth day of December, 1762.

V. Every proprietor, settler or inhabitant, shall yield and pay unto us, our heirs and successors yearly, and every year forever, from and after the expiration of ten years from the above said twenty-fifth day of December, namely, on the twenty-fifth day of December, which will be in the year of our Lord 1772, one shilling proclamation money for every hundred acres he so owns, settles or possesses, and so in proportion for a greater or lesser tract of the said land; which money shall be paid by the respective persons aforesaid, their heirs or assigns, in our Council Chamber in Portsmouth, or to such officer or officers as shall be appointed to receive the same; and this to be in lieu of all other rents and services whatsoever.

In testimony whereof we have caused the seal of our said Province to be hereunto affixed. Witness BENNING WENTWORTH, Esq., our Governor

and Commander-in-Chief of our said Province, the 22nd day of September. In the year of our Lord CHRIST one thousand seven hundred and sixty-one and in the First year of our Reign. By his Excellency's command, with advice of Council.

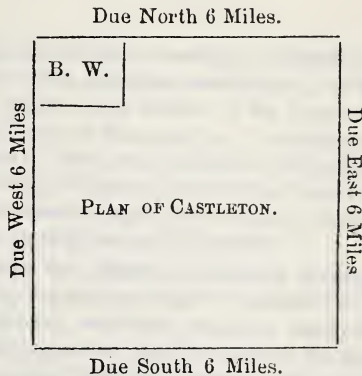
B. WENTWORTH.

THEODORE ATKINSON, Secretary.

Province of New Hampshire, September 22nd, 1761.

Recorded according to the original Charter of under the Province Seal.

Pr. THEODORE ATKINSON, Sec'y.



Province of New Hampshire, Sept. 22nd, 1761. Recorded from the back of the original Charter of Castleton under the Province Seal, per

THEODORE ATKINSON, Secretary

The names of the grantees of Castleton, viz: Samuel Brown, Timothy Woodbridge, Stephen Nash, John Willard, John Taylor, Elihu Parsons, Josiah Jones, Joseph Woodbridge, David Pixley, Elijah Williams, James Willson, Stephen West, Jacob Cooper, Isaac Garfield, Isaac Davy, Isaac Brown, Elijah Willson, Caffé Vancank, Isaac Vanderson, Benj. Willard, Joseph Willard, Timo Woodbridge, Jr., Mathew Cadwell, Aaron Sheldon, Israel Dewey, Willm. Kennedy, Jonathan Pixly, Samuel Brown, Jr., Hendrick Burgat, John Chamberlin, Daniel Raymond, Abel Rowe, Abner Clapp, Samuel Lee, Jonathan Nash, Daniel Allen, Isaac Laurence, Jr., Joseph Allen, Solomon Gleson, Elijah Brown, Azariah Williams, Moses Rigsley, Joseph Patturson, Stephen Nash, Jr., John Chadwick, Isaac Davis, Joshua Warren, Jr., Saml. Jackson, Benja Warren, John Burgat, Samuel Robinson, Zack Forse, Thomas White, Benja Alvord, Caleb Blodgett, Joseph Nowmarch, Esq., Mk. H. Wentworth, Esq., Willm. Thornton, James Furguson, Wiler Davidson, John Davidson, James Thornton, Mathew Thornton, Josiah Jones, Jr. One tract for His Excellency Benning Wentworth, Esq., to contain five hundred acres as marked B. W. in this

Plan, which is to be accounted two of the within shares, one whole share for the Incorporated Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, one share for a Glebe for the Church of England as by law established, one share for the first settled minister of the Gospel, and one share for the benefit of a school in said Town.

Province of New Hampshire, September 22nd, 1761, recorded from the book of the original Charter of Castleton, under the Prov. Seal.

THEODORE ATKINSON, *Secretary*.

The original proprietors of the township of Castleton were mostly from Salisbury, Ct., where the meetings were held up to Feb. 27, 1770, when that meeting was 'adjourned to be held at the house of Col. Amos Bird of Castleton, the 27th day of May next, at 2 o'clock p. m.' At the same meeting it was voted: "That every proprietor of the township of Castleton shall have the privilege of pitching one hundred acres to each right in the said township; provided he lays it in a square form and not less than fifty rods wide, which shall be the 4th division."

"Voted—That there be a draft for the above mentioned pitch, and one pitch made every day—Sundays excepted—and the 1st pitch to be made on the first day of May next, and every proprietor shall pitch according to his draft, except he shall neglect to make his pitch on the day which he draws, which if he does, he shall forfeit his chance to the next draft, so that every proprietor shall have a chance of making his pitch on the day he draws."

Accordingly 44 pitches were made in the 4th Division. Other pitches were made subsequently, but some of the early records have been lost and otherwise dilapidated so that the titles of some pieces of land in town cannot be traced back clearly to the grantees.

The first record we have of this Island, found in the town clerk's office of Castleton, is in a deed from Samuel Brown to Jesse Bostwick, and reads as follows:

Know all men by these Presents I Samuel Brown of Stockbridge in the County of Berkshire in the Province of the Massachusetts Bay in New England Gentle: for and in Consideration of the Sum of Eighty Pounds Lawfull money of Said Province paid me by Jesse Bostwick of the Same Town County and Province aforesaid Yeoman the Receipt whereof I Do hereby acknowledge have Given Granted Sold and Confirmed unto him the Said Jesse Bostwick his heirs and assigns forever all the Right Title and Interest I have of in and unto Twenty full Rights or Shairs, of a Township Called and Known by the Name of Castleton Lying in the western part of the Province of Newhampshire Lately Granted to me the Said Samuel Brown and others which Said Twenty Rights or Shairs I now hold by Virtue of Purchas of the Original Grantees of Said Township (Viz) Timothy Woodbridge Esqr, Stephen Nash John Willard Josiah Jones Joseph Woodbridge David Pixley James Willson Stephen West Jacob Cooper Isaac Garfield

Isaac Davice Two Rights Cuffe Vanschaick Isaac Vandeuser Joseph Willard Mathew Cadwell Aaron Sheldon Israel Dewey William Kenedy Jonathan Pixely Each and Every of the above named Persons being Original Grantees as by the Charter Given of Said Township may fully appear Reference thereto being had.

To Have and to Hold the Said Granted and Bargained Premises with all the Privileges and apurtinances thereof to him the Said Jesse Bostwick to his Heirs and assigns forever to his and their only use Benefit and Behoof forever So that Neither I myself Heirs or assigns nor any of the above named Original Grantees or their heirs or assigns nor any Person or Persons Claiming from by or under me or them Shall not ever have any Right Title Claim or Interest or Demand therein by Virtue of any act or acts already had or Suffered whatever In Witness whereof I have hereunto Set my hand and Seal this Twenty Second Day of august in the Third year of his Majesties Reign Anno Domini 1763.

Samuel Brown and Seal.

Signed Sealed & Delivered In Presents of us John Bostwick Abraham Brown

Burkshire ss Novbr 1; 1763 Personally appeard the within Named Samuel Brown Sealer of the within Instrument and acknowledged the Same to be his free act and Deed for me Tinothy Woodbridge Justice Peace

Received April 12 A: D 1783 and here recorded Test Brewster Higley Register.

The foregoing deed covered a large tract of Land east of Lake Bomoseen and included the large island therein. On Sept. 2nd 1763, Jesse Bostwick conveyed the same to "Amos Bird, of Salisbury, Merchant in the County of Litchfield and Colony of Connecticut."

On the "5th day of November in the Ninth Year of his Majesties Reign, Anno Domino 1768," Amos Bird, had this large tract of land containing one thousand and five hundred acres accurately surveyed, and deeded to Benj. Hopkins, of Armenia Precinct in Dutchess County and Province of New York.

On the "First day of November in the fourteenth year of his Majesties Reign, A. D., 1773," Benjamin Hopkins deeded a parcel of land (including the island but not mentioning it,) No. 6, containing five hundred acres, to Jedediah Dewey, of Bennington, in the Province of New York.

On the 23d day of August 1774, Jedediah Dewey deeded the same piece of land to Benjamin Hulburt, of Bennington, in the Province of New York.

On the 6th day of September 1782, Benjamin Hulburt deeded the same to Robert Mason, of Simsbury, in the State of Connecticut.

On the 11th day of January 1794, Robert Mason deeded the Island to George Reab, of Pownal, in the County of Bennington and State of Vermont. Consideration, eight pounds lawful money. "One certain island situated lying and being in Castleton Pond, bounded by said pond shaped

as follows : Beginning at a white oak stump on the southeast point of said island, thence north 19 degrees east on the east side thereof, twenty-six rods to a hemlock tree, thence on the said east side north 2 degrees east twenty-eight rods to the north-east point thereof, thence north 74 degrees west eighteen rods to the northwest point thereof, thence south 21 degrees west twenty-nine rods on the west side thereof, thence south 3 degrees west sixteen rods to the southwest point thereof, thence south 60 degrees east twenty rods to the first bounds begun at, containing seven acres and thirty rods of land be the same more or less."

This is the first separate conveyance of the island unconnected with the land on the eastern shore.

Certain other pieces of land on the eastern shore having come into the possession of George Reab, by separate deeds, he deeded them together with the island, on the 27th day of May, 1797, to Marshall Jones, of Adams, in the County of Berkshire and commonwealth of Massachusetts.

On the 28th day of March, 1801, Marshall Jones deeded the western portion of the "Mason or Reab farm" to "Samuel Shaw of Castleton, County of Rutland and State of Vermont, Physician." The island probably was intended to be included in this deed but no mention was made of it.

Dr. Samuel Shaw having died, a portion, if not all, of his property fell to his son, Henry Shaw, of Lanesborough in the County of Berkshire and State of Massachusetts.

On the 28th day of May, 1832, Henry Shaw, of Lanesborough, in the County of Berkshire, and State of Massachusetts, deeded to John Meacham, of Castleton, Rutland County, Vermont, a certain tract of land described as follows: "Bounded on the west by the pond, called Castleton Pond, on the north by land owned by the Gaults, on the east by land owned by John Mason 2d; on the south by land owned by Noah Hoit, Joseph Smith and James Smith, being the land deeded by Marshall Jones to my father by two several deeds the one dated March 28th, 1802, the other dated May 21st, 1814, except one hundred acres since sold by him to John Mason, 2d, and also the lot bought of David Shepard and A. M. Shaw, and also a lot bought of Thomas Gault, of twenty-three acres, and also the island in said pond, intending hereby to convey all the land lately owned by my father Samuel Shaw deceased, on which William Smith now lives in said Castleton, containing five hundred acres be the same more or less."

On the fifth day of September, 1836, John Meacham deeded the island to S. H. Langdon, of Castleton, Rutland County, Vermont. Consideration, fifty dollars. Description, as follows: "A certain piece or parcel of land lying and being in Castleton Pond, so called, in the town of Castleton aforesaid and denominated the Island lying south of Cedar Mountain, east from Gaius Briggs, north from the Indian Fields and west from the Shaw farm, containing six acres, more or less."

On the 22d day of February, 1860, by virtue of an execution issued by the Rutland County Court, the Island under the name of "Chowder Is-

land," together with several other parcels of land passed into the hands of Thomas J. Ormsbee, administrator of the estate of Julius O. Drake, late of Castleton. The decision having been rendered at the September term previous.

On the 7th day of September, 1860, Thomas J. Ormsbee as administrator of the estate of Julius O. Drake, deeded "Chowder Island situated in Lake Bomoseen," to Robert R. Drake, of Pittsford, Rutland County, Vermont, for the consideration of one hundred dollars.

On the 18th day of January, 1869, Robert R. Drake deeded "a certain piece or parcel of land situated in Lake Bombazine and commonly called and known as "Chowder Island," containing about five acres" to Henry Langdon, of Castleton, for the consideration of one hundred dollars.

On the 26th day of January, 1869, Henry Langdon deeded the Island to Selah H. Langdon, of Castleton, a former owner, for the consideration of one hundred dollars.

On the 26th day of December, 1877, S. H. Langdon deeded "a certain piece of land in Castleton; being an Island or parcel of land in Castleton Pond or Lake Bomoseen, and denominated or called the "Island," for the consideration of seven hundred and fifty dollars, to John A. Leggett, of Dorset, County of Bennington and State of Vermont. Reserving and excepting, however, during the life of said S. H. Langdon, the use of twenty-four rods of ground, at the north end of said island, lying south of the bay or inlet, being four rods wide on said bay and extending south six rods.

John A. Leggett, having become a bankrupt, the island together with his other property, went into the hands of John W. Crampton, of Rutland, Vt., as assignee, on the 18th day of September, 1878.

On the 12th day of October, 1878, John W. Crampton, assignee of John A. Leggett, deeded the island to George W. Chaplin, Jr., of Rutland, Vt., for the consideration of seven hundred dollars.

On the 4th day of November, 1878, George W. Chaplin, Jr., deeded one undivided half of the island to John W. Crampton, for the consideration of three hundred and fifty dollars, mentioning the reservation to S. H. Langdon.

On the 11th day of September, 1880, John W. Crampton and George W. Chaplin, Jr., gave a quit claim deed of their interest in the island to Jane Barker, of Brooklyn, Kings County, New York, mentioning the reservation of 24 rods of the north end to S. H. Langdon.

Robert R. Drake, of Pittsford, Vt., for the consideration of one hundred dollars, deeded the the island to Robert H. Drake, of Pittsford, Vt., on the 11th day of January, 1878. The deed was received at the town clerk's office at 4 o'clock and 40 minutes of the same day. The deed given by Robert R. Drake to Henry Langdon was given January 18th, 1869, but was not received at the town clerk's office for record until January 12th, 1878, at 3:30 o'clock, p. m.

INDIAN HISTORY.

Almost nothing is known of the Indian history of this locality beyond the fact that they were known to wander about here when the whites first came to explore this region.

Stone implements have been, and are still found not only upon the shore of the lake but upon the shore of the island and neighboring hills. Some stone hoes show that they once cultivated the island and meadows around the lake; mortars and pestles indicate that they had corn to grind and roots to pound. Net sinkers, spear points and arrow heads, show that they must have lived by fishing and hunting, with ingenuity to spin fibrous barks and weeds into thread and tie them into nets. The large quantity of heating stones found in clusters along the shores and in the meadows, would indicate that they cooked their food by heating stones and plunging them into water, and it is very probable that they made maple sugar by the same method.

Stone celts, gouges, knives and cleavers are found in abundance. Also hammer-stones or stones for dressing other hard stones for utensils. The plain south of the island, known as the Indian Fields, was a great resort for some tribe for a long period, both in summer and winter. In the former season, when the water was low in the lake, they came down from the higher plains and built fires and cooked their food upon the pebbly beach. Specimens of the fire burnt stones can now be found along the shores. Even the stones with which they used in striking fire, I have picked up recently. The communication between the island and shore of the lake must have been quite frequent and afforded them much pleasure. I dare say that some of their old canoes will be fished up from the sandy bottoms of the lake. But these tribes have all passed away without leaving any legends, or names to any hills, streams, ponds or islands.

HOUSES ON THE ISLAND.

The first house that was built on Lake Bomoseen for the accommodation of the public, was built by S. H. Langdon, Esq., of Castleton, in 1835, a few rods north of the southern extremity of the island.

It was a one-story building of rough boards 13 feet square. The lumber was taken over in a float from Mason's Point and the building erected in one day. It was built to accommodate pleasure and fishing parties free. Mr. Langdon being in the foundry business had some iron cooking utensils cast to furnish the house with, which were also free, provided the party who used them should wash them *before* using.

The same year, an ice house was built near by, and filled every winter for several winters by the same gentlemen. The ice was free to all visitors during the summer. Mr. Langdon usually made a bee in filling this ice house; he furnishing dinner and two gallons of rum, and had plenty of volunteer help from Castleton to fill the house in one day. And like the great conqueror, "who wept that there were no more worlds to conquer," they mourned that Mr. Langdon had no more ice houses to fill. Several years subsequently, these houses were burned down, it is supposed, by an incendiary.

In 1878, John A. Leggett built the two-story house, now standing upon the island, and has been since further improved by Mr. A. W. Barker, who erected another neat little cottage on the southwest promontory in 1880. He also has beautified the grounds by cutting out the underbrush, and building a road wide enough for two to walk abreast completely encircling the island.

WHEN THE ISLAND WAS CLEARED.

When Mr. Mason cleared the island in about 1790, it was covered with a heavy growth of Hemlock and Oak. He cut down the trees, set fire to the brush and burnt everything that would burn, but the logs remained to decay upon the ground. He planted it to Indian corn and in the succeeding autumn took his hogs over to do the harvesting, as well as to feed upon the acorns; they became homesick and attempted to swim across to their home on Mason's Point. On their way over they cut their own throats with their sharp hoofs and bled to death before reaching the shore.

Mr. Mason was a very pious man and entertained many superstitious notions. He said he would never again eat the flesh of any animal guilty of committing suicide, and adhered to his resolution. He afterward kept Saturday instead of Sunday as a day of rest.

The island was again allowed to grow up to bushes and no use was made of it, until 1810, when it was again cleared by the Shaws. The trees were mostly white oak and white birch, mixed with a few others common to the main land, and many had grown to a great size. In 1811, the island was sowed to wheat; in 1812 to rye; in 1813 it was planted to Indian corn, with the exception of the east ridge which was sowed to peas. In 1814, another crop of rye was raised on it. After that it was put into grass and used for pasturing sheep. At length weeds and bushes asserted dominion over it and has never since been cleared. These facts I obtained from Archibald C. Shaw, now a resident of Castleton above eighty years of age, and who helped clear the Island.

Attempts have been made at various times to use this Island for pasturage, but when hogs, cows, oxen and horses were left alone upon it would plunge into the water and swim to the main land. Even the present occupant's cow has repeatedly left those enchanted groves for the freedom of the neighboring shores.

When Mr. Shaw owned the Island and lived upon Mason's Point, he made a raft of logs, covered it with plank and used it for ferrying across his teams and produce for several years. He afterwards built a ferry boat for the same purpose. The last crop of corn raised on the Island was not gathered until the lake had frozen over the succeeding winter.

THE PIG'S MONUMENT.

On the southeast Cape* of the Island, a small marble monument was

*This Cape is called CAPE TAGHCANNAC or TAGACANNAC POINT. It is a corruption of the word TACONIC. Prof. C. B. Adams, of Middlebury College in the "Second Annual Report on the Geology of Vermont, 1846," gives the following definition: "Taconic is an Indian name of a range of mountains next West of the Green Mountains in South-western Vermont and Massachusetts, now applied to the rocks next west of the Green Mountains." This beautiful rocky point belongs to that geological formation and the term seems to be wonderfully appropriate. As the Island of NESHOBE is approached from the South TAGHCANNAC POINT stands out prominently to the Eastward.

erected in 1876, to the memory of a remarkable pig, the property of Chas. G. Child, Esq., of Sheffield, Mass. It has since been desecrated by some ruthless hand who has defaced the inscription. The following extracts from Mr. Child's letter will give the history of the circumstances :

SHEFFIELD, MASS, June 19, 1881.

DR. JOHN M. CURRIER—

Dear Sir :—Yours of the 16th instant came duly to hand, and in reply would say that during the Centennial there was a Legion formed called the Centennial Legion, composed of one military company from each of the original Thirteen States, to make a parade on the Fourth of July, at Philadelphia. The Old Guard, of which I was a member, represented New York, and I went with them. We, the old guards, entertained the southern companies in New York, and Mr. William Emerson Baker, of Boston, had arranged for our Southern brethren an encampment at his country place near that city (Wellesley), and his committee came to New York to receive them, insisted that a delegation of our committee should go with them to Boston. About six of the Old Guards went. It was a royal affair and lasted one week, after which we all returned home. At the last dinner, at each plate on the table lay a glass bottle, shaped like a pig, filled with brandy; there was none at mine, but during speech-making after dinner, I was presented with a beautiful basket bouquet, apparently, but upon opening it, was found to contain two live pigs. Pigs were a great hobby with Mr. Baker; his piggery alone costing some five thousand dollars; where he kept all kinds, and this breed of which he presented me a pair, was given to him by the Queen of England a few years previous, and was of the famous Berkshire breed. I had these pigs sent by express to Castleton; one was smothered and the other was kept at friend Langdon's. One day W. F. Bixby photographed it for me, after which it died; what was the cause none of us knew. I had it buried up on the Island in the lake; on the tombstone was put: **FRATERNAL WELCOME——A PIG DIED——BERKSHIRE**. The name "Fraternal Welcome" was from Mr. Baker's fete, which was called that. It was my intention to have raised here and sent during the fall following a young pig to each of the companies who were present at the fete, so have a sort of a barbecue or reunion, but like many other plans, it failed.

I would say here that this fete of Mr. Barker's was a "big thing." It cost him some \$25,000, and was heralded all over the south, (the affair, not the cost), and was, I believe, the means of doing a great deal of good towards "healing the breach," as this was the first instance of southern military visiting the north since the war.

The Washington Light Infantry, of Charleston, represented South Carolina; Fayetteville Independent Light Infantry, of Fayetteville, North Carolina; Norfolk Blues, Virginia, and others I cannot think of just now.

* * * * *

Hastily Yours Respectfully,

CHAS. G. CHILD.

The remains of the pig were put into a casket and taken to the Island for burial. John Doolan, John P. Ryan, James J. Sweeney and William H. Burke, acted as bearers. Their services were paid for in cigars and whiskey. The marble monument was engraved by T. Smith Sherman. Mr. Langdon, referred to by Mr. Child, was at the Centennial in Philadelphia when the pig died, when he returned, as his old cronies framed the story, he took his prayer book and a bottle of lager, went over to the Island and read the Episcopal burial service over the pig's grave.

GUIDES AND BOATMEN.

Every summer resort in rural districts, whether of mountain, river, lake or mineral springs, has its guides peculiar to themselves, and are noted characters. Travelers and strangers accost them by their Christian names; their stories are learned before they themselves are known. They are always genial and obliging; ever ready to do you a favor without exorbitant charges. Strangers treat them with respect and familiarity. Everybody wants to hear their stories, not to learn anything, but to hear them fresh from the lips of the original narrator. They always have some pet stories to relate when asked. These stories have all been trimmed, spliced, straightened and polished to suit the ears of summer travel.

No sooner is a party seated around the camp fire, or lunching upon some half way rock than they begin to demand a rehearsal of their stock of stories.

As the cooling waters of Lake Bomoseen, its shady groves and rocky shores are becoming more noted, its boatmen and fishermen are ripening off their stock of stories for the market of city boarders, equal to any watering place in New England. "Jack" Parsons is a neat and handy man with the oars; he has resided all his days on the shores of the Lake; knew when it was called Castleton Pond; he knows every "sucker hole," and the "best place to dig bait." He once testified in court about the depth of mud near the Johnston bridge that he "run a ten foot pole, twenty feet into the mud."

But the best story he tells is his fish story, and runs about as follows: "Many years ago he went over to the Island fishing; among the necessary articles for the expedition, he took a gallon of whiskey along with him. After fishing a while, he thought he would take a drink; he took up the jug and it slipped into the water down deep out of sight. The rest of the day was spent in trying to fish up his dear companion, but was unsuccessful. Others, subsequently, on learning of the prize beneath the waves, tried their luck at fishing, but were equally unsuccessful.

The cork, being lighter than water floated to the surface; a small fish descended into the jug and began to feed on its contents; it rapidly grew in size, and at length was imprisoned for life in earthen walls. "Jack" often fished over this spot because he fancied he could smell the breath of his departed friend upon the surface of the Lake. Ten years afterwards he was at this spot fishing, and happened to let his hook drop directly into the mouth of the jug. The fish that had been so long without anything but liquid food, seized the bait immediately. "Jack" pulled hard at the line; at first he thought he was hold of a root, but another pull brought it to the surface, and he had the exquisite pleasure of again beholding his favorite jug. He tipped it up to pour out the water and discovered the fish which exactly filled the jug, excepting one glass of whisky that had not been used up by the fish as food. This he poured out and drank to the health of Neptune, who so miraculously restored to him his jug and had given him a fish, bulk for bulk, equal to his whisky.

How should he get the fish out and not break the jug, was the next question. He drew his boat upon the beach, set his jug upon the sand, kindled a fire around it, steamed his fish in the few remaining drops of whisky. When it was cooked he sat upon a rock and ate his dinner with a cork-screw.

Dr. A. T. Woodward of Brandon, delivered the following reminiscences of Lake Bomoseen:

When I was told that it was your purpose to celebrate this day at Lake Bomoseen, on whose placid waters and lovely shores I had dreamed away so many idle hours of youth. I was so much elated by the anticipated pleasure it would give me to be with you, that I impulsively promised some remarks on the occasion, in the line of reminiscences. If the time allotted did not caution me, I should, notwithstanding, have observed the the poet's sage advice.

"Ay, free, off han', your story tell,
When wi' a bosom crony;
But still keep something to yourself'
Ye'll scarcely tell to ony."

For fear of betraying myself into telling all I do know upon this point. Many years have gone by since the people of Castleton adopted this child of beauty, claiming it as one of the most charming features in the physical organization of their town, and I am glad to know that they have finally decided to christen it at this time. And I wish the idea of christening had been carried still further that a new name, and an appropriate one could have been given to the lake as well.

The inhabitants, residing upon the borders of this lake whose opportunities for observation cannot be impeached, affirm that this island has occupied its present site for centuries—and that its existence, during this long period, as an island, is due wholly to the presence of neighboring waters—and it was discovered at an early period, that there was vastly more water to the acre, in some places than in others. Notably so on the west side of the island, where, as I was informed and believed in youth, it was bottomless. Very likely this Sabbath school story is puzzling the wits of some of the boys of the present.

I remember very well how I puzzled over this story, and I now say, that, if it is really true what a misfortune had this island been posted only a few rods westward of its present position. A submerged island, however unique and picturesque, would furnish very moist standing accommodations for a 4th of July picnic party. Occupying its present position for so long a period it may be safely conjectured that it was once the favorite haunt of the native American, who sometimes came here on the sly, surely if he had any of the sentimentality that marks the pale-faced youth, to woo his forest maiden. There is no positive proof that this place was ever decorated with a wigwam. I shall not say that it ever was. What I do maintain, is, that if there ever was a wigwam on this island it would be in the usual order to assume that curling smoke could have been seen issuing therefrom, A wigwam without the conventional curling smoke,

would not be tolerated by the student of Cooper for one minute, and any historian who shall ever attempt to palm off such a fraud upon a reading public, will run great risk of departing early, by the assistance of a justly indignant people.

The island and opposite shores, and especially that region known as the "Indian fields," have yielded a fair return in stone arrow-heads, spear-heads, pestles, etc., etc., to the explorer after Indian relics. For centuries the savage held quiet and sole possession of this whole region. Peaceable and contented to eat the game he had captured—without giving a thought to congressional matters or state rights. This was before Bourbon was discovered.

The first white man who set his white ash sails upon these waters, or grounded his dug-out upon the island beach, (if I am correctly informed,) was Hart Langdon. After diligent search in gazeteer and cyclopædia, and many inquiries of old settlers, I am forced to credit Hart with the honor of discoverer and first settler of this charming spot. If hereafter it should be shown that this statement is not wholly true, I shall be sorry for the truth, as this version is in perfect harmony with my early impressions, and I am sure it will be satisfactory to every person in Castleton, unless he be some incredulous nobody.

We find that Hart was not the lone occupant, but that others came from time to time, until a goodly colony grew up, composed of men whose names may be familiar to some of you who are present to-day. Conspicuous among whom were Jim and Jule Drake, Dave Wilkinson, Bill Colburn, Jule and Staver Buel, Bill Bansier, Tin Tously, Jack Goodwin and many others, equally renowned for numerous and uncertain exploits. For years this colony claimed all the rights and privileges of the squatter, and if I mistake not, bagged all the game and absorbed all the fun of the day. They never cultivated the soil to any great extent. Almost the only crop raised was cane, generally. No very great battles were waged during this period, still it is rumored that a great many broils were gotten up, which, however, the participants managed to put down in a satisfactory way. The first building erected to provide in any way for the visitor's comfort, was an ice-house which furnished cool comfort indeed.

It has been intimated with surprise and astonishment that evil spirits have been seen to hover about the island. Some friends once tried to make me believe this story, by telling me where some of the horns appertaining, could be found.

At this stage my memory dulls. We have from youth been a frequent visitor of this lovely island, and have spent our happiest hours upon it. The day and night have both found us the same constant admirer. Here we have watched with unceasing pleasure the purple twilight deepen into the dark shadows of midnight, and have, with increasing emotion seen the gray of dawn mingle its light with the black depths below. The emotions inspired by early associations and the presence of this charming spot cannot be better expressed than by the lines of the lamented Ludlow, in an apostrophe to the Hudson.

"Oh, most noble river, what hast thou not been to me? In childhood thy ripples were the playmates of my perpetual leisure, dancing up the sandy stretches of thy brink and telling laughing tales of life's beaming spray and sunshine. In after years the grand prophet of a wider life, thine ebb sang chants to the imperial ocean, into whose pearly palaces thou was hastening, and thy flood brot' up the resounding history of the infinite surges whence thou hadst returned. It is not thine to come stealing from unnamed fountains of mystery, nor to crown thy sublime mountains with the ruined battlements of a departed age; but more than Nile hath God glorified thee, and nature hath hallowed thy walls with her own armorial bearings till thou are more reverend than Rhine. On thy guarding peaks Antiquity sits enthroned, asking no register in the crumbling monuments of man, but bearing her original scepter from Him who first founded her domain beside thy immortal flow."

A. N. Adams of Fair Haven delivered the following historical address:

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen of the Rutland County Historical Society:

Convening as we do here to-day on the shores of this beautiful lake, surrounded by these green hills, to celebrate the declaration of our national independence, of July 4th, 1776, an hundred and five years ago; is it not well for us to take into account also and to consider that other declaration, not so noted in history perhaps, but memorable to us and no less interesting, made a little later in form but conceived equally as early in the spirit; that of the convention of Green Mountain Boys at Westminster on the Connecticut river, Jan. 17, 1777.(?) That declaration reads as follows:

"This convention, whose members are duly chosen by the free voice of their constituents in the several towns on the New Hampshire Grants, in public meeting assembled, in our own names and in behalf of our constituents, do hereby proclaim and publicly declare that the district of territory comprehending and usually known by the name and description of the New Hampshire Grants, of right ought to be, and is hereby declared forever hereafter to be, considered as a free and independent jurisdiction or state; to be forever hereafter called, known and distinguished by the name of New Connecticut, alias Vermont. The inhabitants are declared entitled to all the rights, privileges and immunities of the inhabitants of any of the free and independent states of America, the same to be regulated by a bill of rights."

It is not easy, I am aware, for us at this distance, in the midst of the wonderful and changing scenes of our modern life, to realize the condition of things which existed in this territory, up and down these hills and valleys of this western slope of the Green Mountains, at the time this declaration was made.

Bennington had been chartered by the governor of New Hampshire as early as 1749, but no attempts at settlement of any note appear to have been made, either there or elsewhere, on the west side of the mountains,

until after the close of the French war in 1760. The settlement of Bennington began in the spring of 1761, and from that time onward there was a considerable immigration into various localities within our goodly land. Over thirty towns were chartered by New Hampshire west of the mountains, in the year 1761. In the northern parts, toward Canada, some twenty towns were chartered in 1762 and '63. The towns chartered in this vicinity were : Pawlet and Danby Aug. 26th ; Mt. Tabor, (then Harwick,) Aug. 28th ; Shrewsbury, Sept. 4th ; Clarendon, Sept. 5th ; Rutland, Sept. 7th ; Tinmouth and Wells, Sept. 15th ; Poultney, Sept. 21st ; Castleton, Sept. 22nd ; Brandon, (then Neshobee,) Oct. 20th ; and Wallingford Nov. 27th, all in 1761 ; Sudbury was chartered Aug. 6th, and Orwell Aug. 8th, 1763 ; Hubbardton, June 15th, and Pittsford, June 16th, 1764. Benson and Fair Haven. (then including West Haven,) not until Oct. 27th, 1779.

Few of the towns besides Bennington and Arlington were much settled immediately following the grants—the grantees were principally proprietors, not settlers. Pawlet was the first town chartered in what is now Rutland county ; but Mr. Hollister states in his history, that there were but *nine* families in that town in 1770,—nine years after the date of the charter ;—and settlements were slow until after the surrender of Burgoyne in Oct. 1777. There were *five* families in the town of Addison on the Lake in 1768. Fifteen persons settled in Panton in the summer of 1764—A few persons came into Shoreham in 1766. It is stated that there were less than fifteen families in Whiting before the war of the Revolution, (1775.) Mr. Samuel Smith moved his family into Bridport in 1773, and was the second permanent settler in that town. A number of families came into Middlebury just before the war, in 1774. Ira Allen and Remember Baker made their pitch on the Winooski river in the spring of 1773, and there were about forty families in that region, near the lake, at the commencement of the Revolution. Besides these there does not appear to have been any other settlements or settlers worthy of mention, north of the present bounds of Rutland county, until 1774, or just before the breaking out of the war of the Revolution.

Within our county the most considerable early settlement was in Clarendon and Rutland, although Castleton may claim to have had a settlement the same year as Rutland, 1770, and Col. Bird and Noah Lee visited the country two years before, the same year that Clarendon was settled.

Clarendon was chartered by New Hampshire Sept. 5, 1761, but the settlers of 1768 had a lease from one Capt. John Henry Leydins, an Indian trader of Albany, who claimed to have purchased a tract of land of the Mohawk Indians in 1732, and who had had it confirmed to him by Gov. Shirley of Massachusetts, in 1744. A patent was issued by Gov. Dunmore of New York, dated April 3rd, 1771, which included Rutland, Pittsford and about 4 square miles of Clarendon, and this grant was named "Socialboro." Another patent issued by Gov. Tryon of New York, Jan. 7, 1772, covers Clarendon and Wallingford, and calls the place "Durham," a name by which it was frequently designated by the early inhabitants. The first settlers under the Lydius title, who had cleared and improved

the lands, joined hands with one James Duane, a New York city land-jobber, and procured this patent from Gov. Tryon of New York in June 1772 as an offset or defence against the claimants under the New Hampshire title. This led to a violent contest. Duane sent a Scotchman, Will Cockbourn, to survey the lands in the summer of 1771. He surveyed the main street running through Clarendon and Rutland; but the New Hampshire men drove him off, and would not allow him to finish.

Rutland, too, is said to have been granted by Lydius in 1761, and called *Fairfield*. The New York claims to Socialboro on Rutland territory, do not appear to have amounted to anything. When Cockbourn attempted to survey, men dressed as Indians threatened him, and he left. The Rutland settlers appear to have been friends of the New Hampshire title. "The first settlement of Rutland," says Mr. Henry Hall, "occurred in March 1770." Three children were born in Rutland this year 1770, the first of the Anglo-Saxon race born in our now thriving county seat. "In 1770," says Mr. Hall, "the best land sold for a few cents an acre, there was not a wagon or bridge in the town—no grist-mill nigher than Skeensboro or Bennington. In 1773, three years later, Rutland had thirty-five families."

Pittsford had two settlers on the banks of Otter Creek in 1769. At the breaking out of the Revolution six years afterward there were thirty families in Pittsford. Col. Amos Bird and Noah Lee had found their way from Salisbury, Conn. via Manchester, Clarendon, Rutland, Crown Point and Skeensboro, into Castleton, in the spring of 1767. It is said they found a log hut in Danby on their way up, inhabited by one solitary man where they lodged over night. Col. Bird camped for a night on Bird Mountain, which derives its name from him. Having built a log-cabin on the place afterward known as the "Clark farm" now Seneca Field's, he went back to Connecticut for the winter. Coming again the following season, 1768, he left Col. Lee and a colored man to keep the cabin and place. Ephraim Bird, Eleazer Bartholomew and Zadock Remington came with their families in May 1770 and were the first and only settlers in Castleton, after Bird and Lee, of that year. Col. Bird built a saw-mill at Hydeville, (long called, as some of us remember, "Castleton Mills;") In 1773 he built a grist-mill, and contracting a fever, died that year, having twice sent to Connecticut for a physician who visited him. He was a young man in his 30th year, and died greatly lamented. Between 1770 and 1775 settlers came in so fast that in 1775 there were thirty families and 8 or 10 unmarried men in the town of Castleton.

The settlement of Poultney did not begin till 1771. A large number of families came into the town in the fall of that year, but had to go to Manchester, thirty miles away, to procure corn and get it ground; a mill was built at the East village in 1776.

Mr. Samuel Churchill settled with his family in Hubbardton in the spring of 1775. Fair Haven, Westhaven and Benson had no settlements. There were a few families in Brandon as early as 1773. Three settlers only were in Wells in 1771; scarcely more than that in Timmouth and Wallingford; none that we hear of in Shrewsbury. We do not learn that

Sudbury or Chittenden was settled or had any corporate existence prior to the Revolution.

At the beginning of the Revolution there was really no government in this state—The country was claimed by both New Hampshire and New York, but the settlers acknowledged the authority of neither. By the New York authorities the country on the east side of the mountains as far as the Connecticut river, was divided into *two* counties, Cumberland covering what is now Windham and Windsor, and Gloucester to the north extending from Cumberland to the Canada line. On the west side of the mountains they first included everything in Albany county—Later, March 12, 1772, they formed a new county, north of what is now Bennington county, extending to Canada and including several towns now belonging to New York, *to wit*, Skeensboro' (or Whitehall,) Greenfield—(now Hampton)—Kingsbury, Fort Ann, Fort Edward, and Argyle. This new county they named *Charlotte*, and Skeensboro' was the county seat, Col. Philip Skeene being commissioned the first judge of the court, but Skeensboro was found to be an unsafe place for the court and it was removed to Fort Edward—The first session held there was in 1773, at the house of one Patrick Smith.

Upon the organization of our state government in 1778 the whole territory west of the mountains became and constituted the county of Bennington (Feb. 11, 1779.) By act of the General Assembly in 1781, all north of the present limits of Bennington county was made into a county by the name of Rutland. The petitioners who made the application to the October session of the previous year, 1780, had proposed that the new county be named *Washington*; The bill for its incorporation was passed Nov. 8, the General Assembly being at Bennington, but it was laid over by the advice of the Council until the next session. At the next session, held at Windsor, a new bill was passed Feb. 13, 1781, and the name was made *Rutland*, instead of *Washington*.

Addison county was next taken off from Rutland by act of the legislature Oct. 18, 1785. Tinmouth was the county seat of Rutland territory and the courts were held in a large log house of two rooms, one room being the tavern of Solomon Bingham. The jail was made of logs and stood a mile away.

The settlers had purchased their lands and titles of the government of New Hampshire, New Hampshire having granted a charter to Bennington in 1749, and it was supposed that New Hampshire owned as far westward as Massachusetts. But New York set up a counter claim to ownership and jurisdiction, based on a vague grant of Charles II to his brother, the Duke of York, an hundred years before—There was legally and justly no title but that of settlement and possession—Being resisted in their usurped exercise of power over the country the authorities of New York, who were largely under the influence of speculators and land jobbers, appealed to the crown, and obtained a decision, July 20, 1764, which they construed in their favor—Emboldened and encouraged by this decision Lient Governor Colden began selling patents of lands which had been previously

granted by New Hampshire. By the 1st of Nov. 1765 he had granted military patents 1200 acres within the present limits of the county of Rutland, principally in Benson, Fair Haven and Pawlet. Gov. Colden was succeeded in 1766 by Sir Henry Moore who continued to issue patents of lands in this district. The settlers sent Mr Samuel Robinson to London with a petition to the king for relief—He succeeding in obtaining an order dated July 24, 1767, forbidding, in peremptory words, any further grants by the governor of New York of patents in the disputed territory. Gov. Moore obeyed the order so far as to leave the people in comparative quiet for a time, but upon Gov. Moore's death, which occurred in Sept. 1769, Gov. Colden again came into power, and on the pretense that the king's order had been misunderstood by Gov. Moore, he proceeded to issue both civil and military grants of the disputed territory.

Agents were sent from Bennington and Manchester to consult with the governor of New York, but they found him fully in the interest of the city land-jobbers, and that he had already sold 26,000 acres of their best lands in Manchester, Sunderland and Arlington to lawyer Kempe and others of New York city. These speculators knew that the lands had been taken up under New Hampshire charters, and that the King had forbidden any further molestation of the people. Can we blame these hardy and long suffering inhabitants of our Green Mountains that they resisted such outrage? Would we not ourselves be doing as they did under like provocation? The New York authorities assumed and undertook not only to resell the lands and to enforce writs of ejectment, but to appoint civil officers, justices of the peace and sheriffs in the midst of the disaffected people.

From 1770 till the breaking out of the Revolution the territory of the New Hampshire Grants is a scene of perpetual conflicts with the New York authorities. The air is full of turmoil. The great body of the settlers are united in resisting the enforcement of the New York claims, but a few among them support the New York parties and accept offices from the New York government.

Ethan Allen comes to Bennington in 1770, from Salisbury, Conn., and takes hold with the settlers to defend their claims. Judgments of ejectment having been found in the courts at Albany, the inhabitants in Bennington unite for resistance. A number of them are proclaimed as "rioters." One is apprehended and carried off to Albany where he is imprisoned for several months, one John Munroe, a resident of Bennington but a justice of the peace under New York authority, acting as deputy-sheriff and assisting in the capture. The inhabitants now organize and arm themselves, choosing Seth Warner for captain. Other companies are organized in other towns. Allen becomes colonel; and they are now and henceforth known as "the Green Mountain Boys." Their business is to enforce law and justice in the name of the people and for the public good. They are a bold, fearless set of men, not ignorant of forms of law and methods of administration. They know their rights, and stand up like men to maintain them. By their energy, pluck and perseverance after a long time they win their long sought prize, they conquer peace, but it is only to leave it,

for the most part, to their children and to us who follow them in these green fields and pastures grand and beautiful of our goodly heritage. We are debtors to those noble, heroic men for the freedom of the state of Vermont.

But how long and persistently they wrought? They sent agents to the king; They petitioned; they waited. Committees from the several towns met at Manchester, Aug. 27, 1772, and made answer in a mild and conciliatory manner to a reproachful letter from Gov. Tryon, dated Aug. 11th. They met again in October when they decreed "That no person on the Grants should accept or hold any office under the authority of New York," and "all civil and military officers who had accepted under the authority of New York were required to suspend their functions on the pain of being 'viewed';" also "that no person should take grants or confirmation of grants under the government of New York."

A number of persons in Durham and Socialboro (*alias* Clarendon) who were interested in the New York claims and titles, had accepted offices and presumed to act as the officers of New York. One Benjamin Spencer, of Durham, whom Ira Allen, in his history, characterizes as "an artful, designing man" was active as a York justice and assistant judge. He complained in letters to Mr. Duane of New York, in April, 1772, that the New Hampshire men made it unsafe for him. He was warned by a visit of Ethan Allen and an hundred Green Mountain Boys, to desist from his actions, but as he did not but continued to issue writs against the New Hampshire men, Allen and his boys made Durham a second visit, going to Spencer's house at 11 o'clock Saturday night, Nov. 20, 1773 and taking him into custody. They then put him under guard at the house of one "Green" until Monday morning, when he was allowed a trial in front of his own house, the place being chosen by himself. A large number, amounting to 130 of the Green Mountain Boys, had assembled, many of them with arms, to witness the proceedings. Allen made an address, saying that "the proprietors of the New Hampshire Grants had appointed himself, Seth Warner, Remember Baker and Robert Cochran to inspect and set things in order, and see that there should be no intruders on the grants," declaring, among other things; that "Durham had become a nest of hornets, which must be broken up." They then held their "judgment seat," and, finding him guilty of offenses charged, declared his house a nuisance and gave sentence that it should be destroyed. At the suggestion of Warner the roof only was taken off, upon Spencer promising not to act further under New York.

In Nov. 1773, Jacob Marsh, a York justice of the peace of Socialboro while passing through Arlington on his way home from New York, was also arrested and tried for his offenses at the house of Abel Hawley. He alleges that there were thirty persons present, that Seth Warner and Remember Baker were the captains and leaders of the mob, and they appointed three men, Samuel Tubbs, Nathaniel Spencer and Philip Perry to be judges. Baker insisted that he should be sentenced to receive the

"beach-seal"—be whipped—but the sentence of the judges was read by Warner and was to the effect that he should not act any further as justice of the peace under a New York commission, "upon pain of having his house burned and reduced to ashes, and his person punished at their pleasure." They gave him a written certificate signed by the judges not to meddle with him further "as long as he behaves." On arriving at Clarendon he found some forty or fifty men led by John Smith, Peleg Sunderland, Benj. Cooley and Sylvanus Brown had unroofed his house. The New York Assembly upon petition of Benj. Hough offered a reward of £100 for the apprehension of Allen and Baker and £50 for either Warner, Cochran, Sunderland, Smith or Brown.

On March 9, 1774 the Assembly passed the noted "most minatory and despotic act" against the Green Mountain Boys, adjudging them "if they do not surrender within seventy days, to be guilty of, convicted and attainted of felony, and punished with death without trial or benefit of clergy."

At a general meeting of committees from the towns in April it was resolved to arouse with united resolutions adequate to the emergency. The proscribed persons issued an address, answering, that though any person "may have a license by the law aforesaid to kill us and an indemnification for such murder from the same authority, yet they have no indemnification for so doing from the Green Mountain Boys;" and, furthermore, we will kill and destroy any person or persons whomsoever that shall presume to be accessory, aiding or assisting in taking any of us."

Only Benj. Hough, a Baptist minister of Durham, who was a York justice of the peace, attempted any further opposition or trouble to the Green Mountain Boys—His acts became so annoying that it was determined to silence him. On the night of the 26th of Dec. 1774 he was arrested by a party of his neighbors and carried to Sunderland, where, on Monday Jan. 30, 1775, he was formally tried for his offences, Ethan Allen, Seth Warner, Robert Cochran, Peleg Sunderland, James Mead, Gideon Warren and Jesse Sawyer acting as judges. They sentenced him "to be tied to a tree and receive 200 lashes on the naked back and to depart the New Hampshire Grants and not return again." The sentence being read to him by Allen, he was tied to a tree in front of Allen's house and whipped. Allen and Warner gave him, at his request, a certificate of the punishment and "a free and unmolested passport toward the city of New York or to the westward of our Grants," and he left to become a beggar on the streets of New York. The New York Assembly offered additional rewards for the apprehension of the judges in this trial, but we are not informed that any of them were ever caught.

On the breaking out of the Revolution in 1775, all other issues were largely overshadowed and absorbed in it; yet the Green Mountain Boys did not wholly forget and neglect their civil affairs. As Dr. Williams says, in his history, of their conflicts with the New York parties, "they had no other way of transacting their affairs than to collect together and follow the advice of the most active and ambitious of their leaders," so

when the British forces were approaching and they were called on for supplies and men, their only course was to meet together and agree on what should be done. Of the 270 men who had gathered at Castleton in May of this year, 1775, for the expedition against Ticonderoga, 230 of them were Green Mountain Boys, who had volunteered to go, and wanted Allen for their colonel and leader. They owed no allegiance to Massachusetts or Connecticut, and Benedict Arnold's commission, under which he assayed to take the command, was of no force or authority with them, excepting so far as they chose to accept and acknowledge it. So, also, in regard to civil government, they were on their own oars. By meetings of towns, committees, and general consent and co-operation, they had got along for several years, and having a taste of freedom and self-government, the air of the mountains became the congenial breathing place of freedom.

The question was, what should be done? Some of the leading men went to Philadelphia in the fall of 1775 to get the advice of Congress. On Jan. 16, 1776 a convention met at Dorset, which drew up a petition to Congress "from that part of America, being south of Canada line, west of Connecticut river, commonly called and known by the name of the New Hampshire Grants." They declare their willingness to bear their proportion in the war, but are not willing to submit to the authority of New York, and ask to be called upon not as inhabitants of New York, but of the New Hampshire Grants. Congress did not favor them and the petition was withdrawn.

After the declaration of the 4th of July 1776, New York, undertaking to enforce the collection of rents, the old conflict was reviving. To ascertain what the prevailing opinion was, and what should be done in the case a general convention was called by circular letters. This convention met at Dorset July 24, 1776, and consisted of 51 members, representing 35 towns.

The convention agreed to enter into an independent association for the defence of the liberties of the country, but would not associate with either of the counties or the Provincial congress of New York. The convention met again in September (25) and resolved, without a dissenting vote, to take suitable measures, as soon as may be, to declare the New Hampshire Grants a free and separate district."

Accordingly, in January 1777, a general convention of representatives from the towns on both sides of the mountains met at Westminster on the Connecticut river. It convened in the court house on Wednesday the 15th, Capt. James Bowker of Rutland, in the chair. Capt. Bowker and Capt. Heman Allen of Rutland, and Capt. John Hall of Castleton, appear to have been the only delegates from the present Rutland county territory. The convention adjourned till next day, (Thursday 16th,) when a committee made report "that more than three fourths of the people in Cumberland and Gloucester counties that have acted, are for a new state; the rest we view as neutrals." It was then voted, "that the district of land called and known by the name of the New Hampshire Grants be a new and separate state, and for the future conduct themselves as such." Nathan Clark,

Esq., Mr. Ebenezer Hosington, Capt. John Burnham, Mr. Jacob Burton and Col. Thomas Chittenden were chosen a committee "to prepare a draft for a declaration."

The convention was adjourned to Friday the 17, and on that day, the declaration, giving birth to our proud little commonwealth, was formally reported and adopted. We are not informed who drew it; but it premises, as a reason and right for the inhabitants thus to act, "that whenever protection is withheld no allegiance is due, or can of right be demanded; that whenever the lives and properties of a part of a community, have been manifestly aimed at by either the legislature or executive authority of such community, necessity requires a separation." "Your committee are of the opinion that such has, for many years, been the conduct of the monopolizing land-claimers of the colony of New York."

The committee refer to the resolution of Congress of the previous May recommending to the several colonies to form governments, where none such exist, suitable to the exigencies of their affairs; and it was agreed by the convention to send a statement of their action to Congress and ask for representation therein—Committees of war and police were appointed on each side of the mountains, and the convention was adjourned to meet at Windsor on the 5th Wednesday in June following. The committee to make the statement to Congress, were Jonas Fay, Thos. Chittenden, Herman Allen, and Reuben Jones. This statement and petition was drawn up at once, and dated at Westminster Jan. 15, 1777, the the day convention opened. It is an able and well-written, statesman-like document.

Thus our state became an independent republic, a commonwealth by itself, owning no allegiance to any other power. The contest with New York, however, was not yet over. For 14 years longer, until Feb. 18, 1791—did these noble men struggle and contend for the acknowledgement of their rights and their admission into the union on an equal footing with others.

It would be interesting to trace the history of this long, patient, heroic and statesman-like struggle. Only in Motley's pages of the Dutch Republic do we find anything like it. But the limits of my time will not admit of even an outline.

I rejoice with you, today, that we are what we are, a commonwealth of freeman born to know our rights and to maintain them.

Mr. Rowland Walters, of Poultney, delivered a poem in the Welsh Language on Lake Bomoseen, written expressly for the celebration. This is the poem:

O fryniau Meirion estron wyf,
Yn y wlad, estronol ydwyf,—
Yn aros mewn dwfn hiraeth
Ar ol y Trosgol a'r Traeth.

Toi y Manod dymunol,—am ei nen,
 Y mae niwl caddugol;
 Anaele fyd! niwl a'l fol
 Tew ar ysgwydd y Trosgol.

Y Moelwyn mawr yn mlaen Meirion—wga
 Ar wanegog eigion;
 Hir yw ei dwf—her i'r don
 Lithro 'i sail a'i throsolion.

Ni welaf, gan y niwloedd,—y Wyddfa,
 Gorseddfaine tymhestloedd,—
 Na brig yr Enig lle'r oedd
 Aruthr antur rhuthrwyntoedd.

Llawer llyn,—llawer llanerch
 Y sydd yn denu fy serch
 Ar ororau'r Eryri—
 Bron haf yw ei hwybren hi.

Cilio o gan y clogwyni—ydoedd
 Newidiad chwith imi;
 Mae'r awen yn ymrewi
 Ar y llawr sy'n do i'r lli.

I Bomoseen bu maes ia
 I'w wynfwng yn ymdaenfa;
 A'i wyneb a adwaenir
 Yn un cryg tebyg i'r tir.

Ffordd ddaw a gosgordd yn gynt,—o'iwyneb,
 Gwnaeth anadl y rhewynt;
 Cerbydau yn gwau 'n y gwynt,
 A'r don yn cysgu danynt.

Yn ei wgni wanega,—y rhew
 Dan ei droed a'i gwasga;
 Gwisgwyd ef a gwasgod ia,
 A'i gwsg oer a gwisg eira.

Er hyn, daw gwanwyn yn gynar—allan
 I'w ollwng o'l garehar;
 Daw hefyd a bywyd bar
 Ddeol rhwymau y ddaear.

Gwisgir y gwiall a dail a diliau
 O fewn ei lwynydd, hyd fin ei lanau ;
 A llwyni blydd gwinwydd ugeiniau,
 Aew a hongiant wrth dewfrig gangau :
 A chuddir ei lechweddau,—a'i gymoedd,
 A rhyw filoedd o goed per afalau.

Y Bryniau Gwyrddion i Meirion gydmara
 Amhoen eu hiechyd, a'u tegwch mwynwychaf :
 Paentir tlysineb ar wyneb tirionaf
 Tlysion lanerchi rhwng llwyni dillynaf ;
 Aml wig yn llawn temlau haf—trwy'r parthau
 O gaerog aelïau y graig a welaf.

I Bomoseen bu mwy sail
 Yr edfyr ddyn ar adfail
 Na llynau rhai parthau pur,
 Hynotaf mynwes natur.

Ymwelwyr wrth y miloedd—a dynant
 I anadl ei ddyfroedd ;
 Gwna'n iach aml un afiach oedd
 Fel yn dwr o flinderoedd.
 Meib hael y sir ymbleserant
 I chwai hwylo'r cweh lawer cant ;
 A'r hwyliâu i'r awelon,
 Oriau'r dydd, a chwery'r don.

A dygir, ar adegau,—areithwyr
 I fritho ei lanau,—
 A gwyech gerddorion yn gwau
 Rhif y ser o fesurau.

I'r awyr pan ddaw'r huan
 I wneyd dydd a'i amrant dan,
 Y digoll wych redegwr,
 Ei lun dyn ar len y dwr ;
 A rhwydd y tyn, ar ei hynt,
 Werni a'u hadar arnynt.
 Y gwawl hoyw, gloyw, glan,
 Yu ei bur wyneb eirian,

00000000

A chwery, yn ddrych araul
 Ei drem, o lygad yr haul
 Y pysg yn gymysg emau ;
 O'i fewn geir heb rif yn gwau ;
 Gwisg der fel gwasgod arian
 Ar ei lif welir o'i lan.

Uwch ei ben yn wyrog, crog y creigiau,
 Yn enfawr linell, yn fur i'w lanau ;
 Ar loyw adenydd ei grwydrol donau
 Eu llun welir dan eu hyllion aelïau
 Yna dolydd llawn dillau—porfaog,
 A llwyni cuweddog, llawn cywyddau.

Ei donau ar fancïau 'i fin
 Gurasant y gro iesin
 Oesau na cheir hanesydd,
 Yr oes hou f'w cyfri sydd.
 Ba hanes tybiau henoed
 Heddyw wyr flwyddi ei oed !
 Cawn hwn yn mhell cyn hanes
 Yn llyn a'i awel yn lles
 I ymwelwyr y miloedd,
 A ser yr hen amser oedd.
 Ei wendon borthai Indiaid
 A physg, ac eto ni phaid
 A phorthi rhyw ri o'r oes,
 I'w lan ro'nt ran o'r einïoes.
 Yn ei for hynt mae'n dyfrhau ;
 Rhywiog wlydd y gweirgloddïau ;
 Ireiddio y fro yn fras
 A lliw gwymp oll o gwmpas ;
 Ireiddio'r coed Derwyddol, —
 Gwylwyr o dwf ar glawr dol ;
 Ac o honynt gan henoed.
 Oni ddaeth rhai'n ganoedd oed ?

A mlaen, gan droi'n melinau—gorenwog
 A ranant ei ffrydiau ;
 Ac at alwad gwlad yn glau
 Y rhedant tra ceir ydau.

Daw mynor yn domenydd,—a llechi
 Lloches ddofu y creigydd,
 I'r man y ceir ymenydd,—
 Arf, a saer, i'w ffurfio sydd.

Ei haf olaf a welir,—a'i auaf
 Mwyach ni ddychwelir ;
 Yna'i feirwon a fwrir
 Ar gael hwnt i'w argel hir.

Eigion daear gan dywydd
 Ffrwydriad gwefr dan rhwyga'n rhydd ;
 Y graig a naid o'i gwregys,
 A chwal ei ddyfroed i yn chwys
 I wyneb y clogwyni ;
 A gwna'r wybr yn llwybr i'r lli'.
 O'i wyl wydd, heb le iddaw,
 Y bryn a ddianc mewn braw ;
 Y coedgor, lle ceid cydgan,
 A mawr dwrf a gymer dan ;
 Ei le, a'i wasgawd, losgir,
 Wedi i haf a'i anaf hir.
 Diwedd pob peth a nesaodd,
 A Duw y mab yñ dweydy modd,

IONORON GLAN DWYRYD.

Hon. Henry Hall, of Rutland, delivered the following address:

Some sixty years ago, at a political dinner in Mass., a venerable darkie gave this toast: "Gubbernur Strong: may his mantle-piece fall on the head of his successor." Audience and speakers alike perhaps to-day need the thick armor of a darkie's skull, to shield them from the mantles and mantle-pieces of our predecessors, recent and remote; if half the stories of modern and ancient tradition present truthful views of what has been on these shores and neighboring isle.

Nearly a quarter of a century has passed away, since the Legislature of the state enacted a law authorising towns to provide each for a town history at the town's expense. The town of Castleton, has as yet, made no effort, toward properly preserving and publishing its own history; and yet no town in the state has a Revolutionary history, surpassing, or even equaling, that of this town.

Castleton, was the home of Col. Amos Bird, Col. Noah Lee and Lieut. Elias Hall.

In Castleton, in May 1775, met that little band, at whose summons first went down the British flag, before the coming Republic. In Castleton was planned the captures of Skeensboro', Ticonderoga and Crown Point; in Castleton, met Ethan Allen, Seth Warner and Benedict Arnold; in Castleton, it was, that Benedict Arnold, by virtue of a Massachusetts commission claimed to command those Green Mountain Boys, who had enlisted for the capture of Ti., on the express condition that Ethan Allen was to be their leader; it was in Castleton, that St. Clair with his army and staff of distinguished young officers, camped over one night, July 1777; it was in Castleton, that a British army tarried briefly; it was in Castleton, that Burgoyne summoned Tory and Whig to meet Gov. Skeene and accept British protection and swear allegiance; it was in Castleton, that the Headquarters of the Vermont troops were located, the latter part of the Revolutionary war; it was in Castleton, that the next to the last of Vermont's *National* legislatures met; Castleton once rejoiced in the teachings of some of the ablest medical talent in the country.

The proposed naming, of the most noted island in all this region, calls attention to other local names. The origin of the name of Castleton, is found in the first paragraph of Scott's novel, "Peveril of the Peak."

William Peveril, a son of William the Conqueror, fought at the Battle of Hastings, was given large real estate in Derbyshire, 120 or 130 miles north of London, built a strong Castle over the "Devil's Cave;" thence the neighboring village was called, Castleton. The name was applied to this town by George Wentworth of N. H., the collegian, merchant and politician of ancient and aristocratic Portsmouth, to whom our state is indebted for such a choice collection of good old English town-names; so far removed from the tawdry nomenclature, borrowed from the shores of the Mediterranean, by our louder brethren West and South.

It was your Col. Bird, that furnished a name, for that Ira mountain, which is such a notable feature in the landscape, miles away.

Your Glen Lake—a lake rarely equaled in beauty—once rejoiced in the soubriquet of "Screw-Driver Pond" a name now without meaning—but among the old hunters, a screw-driver, was a triangular shaped utensil of the gunner—one branch was a hammer, used to pick the flint, one branch was an awl for cleaning out the passage from the lock to the inside of the barrel, and one a screw driver proper, for screwing down the flint firmly into its place. Such a hunter's screw-driver aptly designated the triangular shape of Glen Lake; resembling the equi-distant three legs of the rounded emblem in the coat-of-arms of the Isle of man.

Your principal lake has always suffered from an unhappy name. In Wm. Blodgett's map of 1789, it is called, "Lake Bombazon;" for many years it was "Lake Bombazine" and recently "Lake Bomoseen;" all three a-"bon"-inable. As Castleton invites city visitors, by its other attractions, may it soon rejoice in attractive names.

Castleton was a favorite resort of Ethan Allen both before and after his captivity, both before and during the Revolutionary war. At one time, he was returning in the winter from "Ti.," whither he had been on an "alarm," he wore a new pair of snow-shoes and they hurt his feet. As they reached the head of Castleton Lake, the soldiers cut down a small evergreen tree and induced him to ride thereon while they drew it on the ice. For some miles Ethan amused the "Boys" with stories and then leapt off the boughs, declaring—or if the revised edition had been out then, would have declared—he was not going to ride to Hades or Gehenna on that condemned hurdle.

NAMING THE ISLAND.

The chairman announced that the time had now arrived for naming the Island and inquired if there were any names proposed.

Geo. M. Fuller Esq. of Fair Haven stepped forward upon the rock and spoke as follows:

Mr. President:

During the troublesome times between the Green Mountain Boys and the Yorkers there resided on the eastern bank of Lake Champlain with the family of Capt. Hendee an Indian by the name of Neshobe who espousing the cause of the Green Mountain Boys became one of the most noted of scouts and spies. His knowledge of the country gave him a decided advantage over the New Yorkers; still later when Burgoyne was attempting to pass from Quebec to Albany we find him lurking about the enemy and giving the Federals timely notice of the movements of the enemy. Indeed it was he who first gave them notice that General Frazier with a large number of troops had crossed the lake, and was upon Vermont soil; having received this notice the Federals now proposed to meet the enemy on Old Hubbardton battlefield: Side by side with Allen, Baker, Warrington and old Pete Jones, this noble savage fought for your liberties and mine. And now Mr. President that the name of this noble savage may not be forgotten, but handed down to future generations and ages, with that of Allen, Baker, Pete Jones and others, I move that this beautiful Island whose shores are washed by the waters of this lake, whereon in days past he has paddled his birch canoe, be named in honor of the noble Indian scout NESHOBE, and may it hereafter ever be known by that name.

Prof. Abel E. Leavenworth, principal of the State Normal school at Castleton, then gave the following address:

FELLOW CITIZENS.—Why meet we here to-day? Do you reply, "Our fathers thus kept the day, and so do we?" May we not seek for a better reason, one having a deeper meaning, and one more easily justified before the world, and especially, at the bar of our own consciences?

One of the best tests of any custom is to pass it through the crucible of repetition. If it responds ever to the wants of the body, the mind, or the heart, we tire not of it. That diet which conduces most strongly to develop, in a healthy way, the bodily powers, and through them carry energy to the brain and courage to the heart, never cloya a healthy appetite.

The Creator of the heavens and the earth works by constant methods. Our hearts are to-day moved to pleasant emotions and to exclamations of delight, as we glance up and down this lovely vale. These wooded hills and grassy meads, so beautiful in their vestments of green, speak to us of the wonderful changes that have come over this enchanting prospect since the bursting of the icy bands of winter. And yet all this is but the repetition of six thousand successive years. Why tire we not of it? It meets our necessities. The unceasing revolutions of the earth and the unwearied round of the seasons, bring to us, with all of their sameness, constant occupation and the means of providing for the wants of life.

We need to be reminded of the cost of the liberty of which we so proudly boast to-day. And where can seeds of patriotism and undying loyalty be better sown and their principles more surely inculcated than on this commemorative occasion? Here we lay aside all partisan feeling and all political differences, and meet, with one heart and mind, upon this ground, hallowed by heroic sacrifices, to renew our fealty to the principles sealed to us by the blood and sufferings of our fathers. "Did not our hearts burn within us" as the speakers who have preceded me, unfolded the records of the past? As Africa's proud chieftain led his little son to the altar, that he might bind his soul with the vow of eternal enmity to Rome, so may these lessons from the past lead us, at Freedom's altar, to take upon ourselves and require of our sons and daughters a vow, not less binding because untinctured by the spirit of revenge, of eternal fealty to the principles for which our martyred heroes gave up their lives. Be this our solemn vow: *It shall never be said they died in vain.*

A redeemed race, lifted by their sacrifices from thralldom to freedom, shall ever chant their praise and honor their service; thousands yet unborn shall devoutly thank heaven that the flag our fathers defended still floats over the "land of the free, and the home of the brave." Its emblematic colors shall ever brighten with the lessons they teach,—the red growing to a scarlet dye, as it reminds them of the blood that flowed so freely a country to save; the blue causing them to turn their eyes ever to the azure vault above, as the source from whence cometh their help; the white ever teaching that he only can be free whose hearts is pure and whose life is unstained by a corrupt thought, or word, or deed.

And lest we should come thoughtlessly to the service of this day, forgetful that "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," a voice from God spoke to this great nation of fifty million people, two days since.

Shades of Ethan Allen and Seth Warner and Herrick and Francis! rise and tell us whether we live in free America or in autocratic Russia! Shall the head of this great people no longer walk among us as a common man,

undistinguished by other insignia of rank than that given him by his Creator? God forbid.

But I am reminded that we are not alone to-day. The spirits of the heroic dead are with us. We tread hallowed ground. Men of giant frames and lion hearts have trod it before. Shall I call the roll?

The first to respond is a very Hercules, in form and stature. The piercing glance of his eagle eye reveals the chafings of the untamed spirit within, which could brook tyranny in no form and under no guise. You recognize the hero who on May 8th, 1775, mustered at Castleton that band two hundred and seventy strong, whose lineal descendants many of you before me are, and whose names some of you bear. "In the name of the Great Jehovah," and of the supreme power of the land, he bids you heed the lessons of the hour.

Close beside him, as then, you discern the manly form of Seth Warner, on whose streaming pennant are emblazoned "Crown Point," "Hubbardton," and "Bennington." By the blood shed on the plains east of us, he chides us for our waning patriotism and for the truckling sycophancy of the times.

Next rises the brave Col. Francis who fell at Hubbardton covered with wounds, while rallying his regiment in the vain endeavor to wrest victory from defeat, as he contended with a fresh force of the enemy, double his own in number:

We detect, crouching behind yon green hillock the dim outline of the dusky form of their faithful and vigilant Indian scout—Neshobe.

Under the names North Hero and South Hero, the deeds of Allen and Herrick are commemorated by the lovely islands that are cradled on the waters of Lake Champlain. It is eminently fitting, we claim, that services so valuable and timely should be recognized, not by the granite monolith, but by yon isle nestled upon the bosom of this peaceful inland lake, which henceforth shall bear the baptismal name this day given it—Neshobe, a fitting, though tardy act of justice to the red man who never forgot a friend, though he was slow to learn the Christian lesson of forgiveness for his enemy who had driven him from his ancient fishing grounds.

In the presence of these spirits of the dead, let us recognize anew the obligations that rest upon us, to guard as a sacred trust the free institutions bequeathed to us as a priceless heritage, by their valor.

We live in momentous times. The heart of the nation is appalled at the corruption that has lifted its hydra head, not only in the councils of the nation, but in almost every walk of civil life.

Men of the Green Mountains! as we have ever been ready to meet the foe of our liberties upon the battle field, let it never be said, to our shame, that we have failed in the moral courage that will enable us to meet and repel the more insidious and less chivalrous foe which is covertly undermining public morals and sapping the very life-blood of the nation—even a pure, exalted, unselfish patriotism.

Let us ever be found at the post of duty, "stern daughter of God," in this warfare not with carnal weapons, as the champions of every public virtue.

At the primary meeting, at the ballot box, in all our business intercourse, be our voice ever heard for the right, the good and the true.

The Chairman spoke as follows: The small flag that lies prostrate at our feet was brought home by Capt. Abel E. Leavenworth of Company K. 9th. Vermont Volunteers, on his return from the war in 1865. The socket on the staff was found on Hubbardton battle field near the monument by F. C. Gault, in 1871, and loaned to the Historical Society for this occasion. If you will cast your eyes over to that beautiful Island you will see a young man upon the rocky shore; his name is Herbert O. Allen, of Fair Haven, a great, great grandson of Col. Noah Lee, one of the earliest settlers of the town of Castleton, and one of the men referred to in the "Green Mountain Boys." Young Allen has with him a bottle of milk and a small flag. The bottle was furnished by Prof. Judah Dana, of West Rutland, a great grandson of General Israel Putnam, of Revolutionary fame; the milk is from a noted Durham Cow, GWYNNE OF RIVERSIDE, whose pedigree is traced back thirty-five generations to 1781, and is the property of Alfred E. Higley, of Castleton; the flag is the one that was waved at the head of a column of men, women, children and Negroes who came out to welcome the Union Army into Richmond, April 3, 1865. This flag was secured by Capt. Abel E. Leavenworth, who led the advance skirmish line into that city and by him loaned to the Historical Society for this occasion. The flag at the speaker's feet was then waved; young Allen smashed the bottle of milk against the rocks of the Island, the fragments of which glanced off and produced a spray on the waters of the Bomoseen; he then waved the little flag as a signal, and the Chairman then pronounced that the Island shall henceforth be known as *NESHOBE*. Three hearty cheers went up from the crowd; the bands struck up a lively and patriotic air; and fifty guns from the battery on Birch Point thundered away as an intermission was taken for the DINNER of the Historical Society.

CELEBRATION ROCK.

At the dinner table Dr. James Sanford made a motion that the Rock on which the exercises had been held in the forenoon be called "*Celebration Rock*." The motion was put and carried with

loud applause, when the venerable vice-president said: Let this Rock forever after be called *CELEBRATION ROCK*.

AFTERNOON EXERCISES.

At 3 o'clock P. M., Hon. J. B. Bromley called to order the large audience that had assembled to listen to the afternoon

EXERCISES.

The Declaration of Independence was read by L. B. Clogston, of Fair Haven.

Hon. C. H. Joyce, of Rutland was gracefully introduced, and his speech, which we clip from the columns of the *Rutland Herald and Globe*, was substantially as follows :

FELLOW CITIZENS:—This is the first time I have ever asked to be excused by a Vermont audience, and I have not appeared here for that purpose ; but when I state a few facts you will acknowledge there is no excuse needed. I am not here to say anything to you in the strain of melancholy, but I have felt, ever since we learned the President had been stricken down by the hand of an assassin, that it would be impossible for me to deliver an address to you as I had intended. What the result of this crime will be I do not know. I am acquainted with the attending physicians, who are men of high talent in their profession, and I have watched what they have to say ; and, while I yet hope for the best, it seems to me it would not be surprising to hear of the President's death at any moment. I told you last fall how highly I esteemed the President, and I yet believe that if he is the victim of this assassin we shall not see his like again for many a day. This is a glorious day, and ours a glorious nation, and it is horrible to think that among us is a man base enough to attempt the life of our much esteemed chief magistrate. What may be the outcome of this crime we do not know, but we do know that our nation has passed through terrible crisis, and we may be sure no great calamity will befall us now and deprive us of a man who has done credit to himself and to Republican institutions by showing that he is President as well in fact as by election, and that he will not be ruled by a clique or the head of one wing of his party. Let us receive through this crime a new baptism into the principles of freedom, and if we do our duty we will fulfill the career Providence has marked out for us and carry the nation on to a glorious future.

Col. Joyce's reference to the Conkling difficulty was loudly applauded and his speech was well received.

Rev. E. T. Hooker of Castleton, was then called upon, and after placing his little child, that had fallen asleep, into Col. Joyce's arms paid to him the following compliment which we copy from the *Fair Haven Era* :

"I lay down my sleeping child in the arms of our distinguished friend and one day when Col. Joyce shall have become even more honored and beloved than he now is, will tell the boy for his pride and pleasure that on this day he was held in his arms. I pray God that the child's more mature intelligence may then know that out of the shadow and grief of this awful calamity, we came into the sunshine and joy of a great deliverance." Mr. Hooker went on in strong and earnest words, such as he always speaks when his soul is moved, and gave hope for thirsty hearts, that when all other hope had failed the hand of God could heal. As his faith is so may it be unto him and us.

A Poem on "The Valley of Lake Bomoseen," composed especially for this occasion, by Captain James Hope, of Watkins Glen, N. Y., formerly of Castleton, was read by Prof. D. Arnold, of Washington University, St. Louis, Mo., which we insert in full :

THE VALLEY OF LAKE BOMOSEEN.

You ask for a song, from a sexagenarian,
A Poem, in praise of this beautiful vale—
Can a heart like dead leaves in last year's herbarium,
Respond to the summons in aught but a wail?

When wild roses bloom 'mid the frosts of December,
And summer flowers gladden the snow-covered plain—
Then may I, with my feeble hand strike the glad numbers
And bid silent harp-strings revibrate again.

Can scenes that awakened my soul's deep devotion,
The fountain from whence inspiration I drew,
Cause the heart that is wither'd to beat with emotion,
"When fond recollection recalls them to view?"

I have seen thee! Fair Vale, in thine autumnal splendor,
Thy glories of Summer, thy beauties of shade;
When the Storm-King of Winter rode fiercely in grandeur;
When the sweet breath of Spring-time wooed forest and glade.

I know thee! Sweet Valley, every flower in thy wild-wood,
Every leaf on thy trees, every song of thy rills;
"And they're dear to my heart as the scenes of my childhood,"
As I gaze on the picture that memory fills.

Your green, mossy grottoes, by streamlet and fountain ;
 Your lichen-clad rocks that embattle the hills ;
 Your gray morning mist-wreaths that mantle the mountains,
 And daisy decked meadows, are dear to me still.

I have loved thee ! Sweet Vale, Silvery Lake and Green Mount ain
 With affection that's deathless, deep, tender and true ;
 With the ardor of youth, and the strength of full manhood,
 As the years lengthened onward the stronger it grew.

How oft ! Silvery Lake, o'er thy crystalline waters,
 I sped the light shallop with bright flashing oar ;
 Keeping time to the songs of Vermont's fairest daughters
 While we drank in the beauties of sky, lake and shore.

On thy green, fairy isle that so peacefully slumbers,
 Like a silver-set gem on thy fair throbbing breast ;
 Where the forest-thrush warbles in wild woodland numbers,
 When weary at noon-tide, I've laid me to rest.

Ah ! well I remember the first kindly greeting,
 When an exile, I met, where these bright waters flow ;
 The heart-warm friendship, so true and unfleeting,
 You gave the lone boy, in the dear long-ago.

But stilled are the hearts that gave welcome so kindly,
 And hushed the dear voices, so musical then,
 And cold are the hands now, whose grasp was so friendly
 And soundly they slumber by hillside and glen.

I grew with the growth of your sons and your daughters ;
 I've tasted their love, and I've led them in war ;—
 And not in this wide world are fairer or braver,
 Than the Daughters and Sons of these valleys so fair.

I thank the All-Father, of earth's teeming legions,
 The Guide of my youth, who still guides me as then ;
 Who directed my steps to this fair mountain region,
 Whose god is the Lord, and whose products are men.

The following poem on *Neshobe* was composed by E. H. Phelps, of Fair Haven, and read before the annual meeting of the Rutland County Historical Society, held at Adams' Hall, in Fair Haven, Aug. 10, 1881 :

NESHOBE.

Nesh-o-be ! Pray tell me who was he ?
 (Or perhaps you call him *Nesh-o-be*.)
 What was his family pedigree ?
 An Indian brave, I am simply told,
 A painted savage, saucy and bold,
 Who roamed the forest in days of old,
 And hunted for scalps and glory ;
 Whose name to us has been handed down
 As an Indian scout of great renown,
 The hero of song and story.

But though he was known as an Indian scout,
 He lived like other braves no doubt,
 Whom all the children have read about,
 A sort of a savage wonder ;
 A free and easy child of the woods,
 Who had but little of this world's goods,
 But lived to scalp and plunder.

His cares were light and his wants were few ;
 He had no bank notes falling due,
 And his wife and daughters never knew
 About the styles and fashions ;
 He loved to hunt as he loved to eat,
 And 'twas simply fun to get the meat,
 That furnished his daily rations.

His house or wigwam was rude indeed,
 But perfectly answered every need ;
 When the glad earth smiled and the sky was fair,
 He lived and slept in the open air,
 And cared not a cent for a cover ;
 But when the weather grew cold and bleak,
 He built a house that was quite unique,
 A dozen poles run up to a peak,
 With dear-skin covered over.

His dress was arranged with simple taste ;
 A wampum belt encircled his waist,
 And his feet and ankles were well encased
 In moccasins made of leather,
 And trimmed with beads in the neatest style,
 While on his head he wore no tile,
 But simply a turkey's feather.

His frock and leggins were deer-skin, tanned,
 And trimmed in a style that was simply grand ;
 And his manly cheek, by the breezes fanned,
 Was painted red and yellow ;
 And when he walked out to meet the foe,
 With his knife and tomahawk, arrows and bow,
 He was really a killing fellow.

Long years ago, ere the pale face came,
 He roamed these hills and valleys for game ;
 He hunted the fox, the deer, and the bear,
 Or anything else that was covered with hair ;
 And when these grew scarce he didn't care,
 But turned to hunting his brother ;
 Natural hunters these Indians were,
 And this is the reason, I infer,
 Why, next to hunting for food and fur,
 They loved to hunt one another.

And when returned from war or chase,
 As the shadows of night came down apace,
 These noble sons of the Indian race,
 Encamped by brook or river,
 Joined in the dance, and the songs they sang
 Down through the shadowy valleys rang,
 And the hills re-echoed their savage slang ;
 The thought of it makes one shiver.

But though trained to the arts of war and strife,
 His heart could respond to a gentler life ;
 And oft as the day began to fade,
 He was wont to emerge from the forest shade,
 With the choice of his heart, a dusky maid,
 The fairest of Indian daughters,

To seek the lake and the birchen boat,
And bathed in the moonlight silently float
O'er Bomoseen's silvery waters.

Long years have flown since maiden and brave
Floated and wooed on the sparkling wave ;
Their dust lies under the earth's green face,
And no man knoweth their resting place ;
But Neshobe dieth never ;
His name still lives in the island green,
That rests on the bosom of Bomoseen,
And thus it shall live forever.

THE BOAT RACE.

On account of the poor condition of the water the boat race was postponed from four, till eight o'clock. The participants were Grant, Mansfield and Ryan. The judges, Will P. Hyde, Smith Sherman, ——— Woodward, James H. Spencer and Ira R. Allen. Ryan had the misfortune to injure his boat, which was repaired however, in time for the race. The positions as drawn were Mansfield, Ryan and Grant. The course was from Mason's Point to Coffee's Landing and return, making one and one-half miles. The boatmen took the water at the word "go;" but Grant started with a spurt and continued it till he held the lead when they all settled into a steady pull. The race was very even till the turn with the odds in favor of Grant. At the turn Mansfield failed to find his buoy, which through some unknown cause had disappeared, and made the turn about one hundred and fifty feet beyond. This accident gave Mansfield the last place on the return, but by frequent spurts he shortened the distance. At the finish Grant pulled in one and one-half lengths ahead of Ryan, and Mansfield followed by two lengths. But for Mansfield's misfortune at the turning stake, the race would undoubtedly have been closer and more exciting. Winner's time 12.57.—*Fair Haven Era*.

FIRE WORKS.

The fire works in the evening were let off from a raft in the bay east of Mason's Point and were witnessed by thousands who stopped over, along the shores of the Lake. This closed one of the most successful celebrations ever held in this section of Vermont and the largest collection of people ever assembled in the town of Castleton.

PROMINENT CITIZENS PRESENT.

Hon. Hiel Hollister, author of the History of Pawlet, and Marshall Brown, of Pawlet ; Dr. John E. Hitt, of Granville, N. Y. ; Dea. Joseph Joslin, Dr. L. D. Ross, Hon. Merritt Clark,

author of several historical papers and poems, of Poultney ; Dr. T. E. Wakefield, Hon. Simeon Allen, Potter Wescott, Esq. ; R. T. Ellis and Richard E. Lloyd, Esq., of Fair Haven ; E. L. Barbour, author of historical and poetical productions, and Dr. H. R. Jones, of Benson ; Simeon Young, Benoni Griffin and W. P. J. Hyde, of Sudbury ; E. J. Ganson and M. M. Dikeman, of Hubbardton ; Newman Weeks and William Gilmore, of Rutland.

Rutland County Historical Society.

OFFICERS.

President.—HON. BARNES FRISBIE, Poultney.

Vice-Presidents.—*First*, DR. JAMES SANFORD, Castleton ;
Second, HON. JOSEPH JOSLIN, Poultney.

Secretary.—DR. JOHN M. CURRIER, Castleton.

Treasurer.—HON. R. C. ABEL, West Haven.

F 84306.2

5990H

